



99

WAYS TO TELL A STORY

EXERCISES IN STYLE
MATT MADDEN

An exploration of storytelling that will amuse and delight you, and inspire your own creative work—your novel, your comic, even your film

"Pure formalist fun from one of American comics' most inventive minds, Matt Madden's *Exercises in Style* is a smart and funny exploration of comics' many layers. A core sample of an art form going all the way to the heart."

—Scott McCloud, author of *Understanding Comics*

"Already a genial practitioner of the comic strip, by introducing combinatorial structures to the medium Matt Madden has given it an artistic distinction that is delightful, intriguing, and compelling. *99 Ways to Tell a Story* is a zany masterpiece that reads like a convergence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Italo Calvino, and Action Comics."

—Harry Mathews, author of *My Life in CIA*

Matt Madden's *Exercises in Style* is a series of engrossing one-page comics that tell the same story in a variety of ways. Inspired by Raymond Queneau's 1947 work of the same title, a mainstay of creative writing courses, Madden's project demonstrates the expansive range of possibilities available to all storytellers. The series has found a broad audience and widespread critical praise on the Internet, where Madden's website, www.exercisesinstyle.com, has developed a cult following in recent years.

99 Ways to Tell a Story collects the complete *Exercises in Style*, illustrating ninety-nine different approaches to telling the same story. Readers are taken on an enlightening tour—sometimes amusing, always surprising—through the world of the story. Writers and artists in every medium will find Madden's collection especially useful, even revelatory. Here is a chance to see the full scope of opportunities available to the storyteller, each applied to a single scenario: varying points of view, visual and verbal parodies, formal reimaginings, and radical shuffling of the basic components of the story. Madden's imaginative series of approaches will inspire storytellers to think through and around obstacles that might otherwise prevent them from getting good ideas onto the page. *99 Ways to Tell a Story* provides a model that will spark productive conversations among all types of creative people: novelists, screenwriters, graphic designers, and cartoonists alike.

Cover design by Charles Orr



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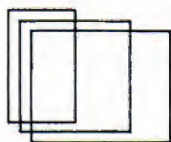
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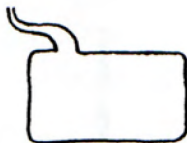


99 Ways to Tell a Story: Exercises in Style

Matt Madden

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2005



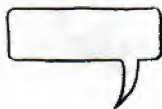


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This book is printed on acid-free paper. ∞

Book design by Charles Orr

The author would like to acknowledge his debt to Raymond Queneau,
whose influence extends well beyond the inspiration for this book.

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Each comic in this book presents the same story—recounts exactly the same events—but takes a different approach to telling the tale. You will find varying points of view, different styles of drawing, homages and parodies, as well as interpretations that may challenge your idea of what exactly narrative is. For example, can a map tell a story? How about a page full of advertisements? I'm not suggesting that there's a definite answer, only that it's exciting to consider how many ways a story can be told, how art and text interact, and how these comics relate to other visual and narrative media.

This book was inspired by Raymond Queneau's *Exercises in Style* in which he spun ninety-nine variations out of a basic, two-part text relating two chance encounters with a mildly irritating character during the course of a day. He started by telling it in every conceivable tense, then by doing it in free verse, and then as a sonnet, as a telegram, in pig latin, as a series of exclamations, in an indifferent voice . . . you name it, he did it.

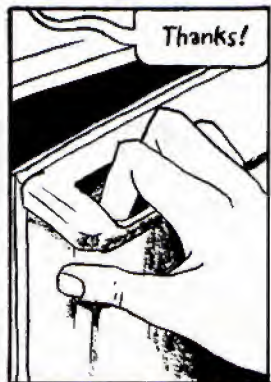
From the first time I read *Exercises in Style*, I thought it would be fun and challenging to apply the idea to a visual narrative, but dismissed it as a crazy notion. However, years went by and still the concept kept coming back to nudge me toward the drawing table. Six years ago, I finally gave in and put pen to paper. The reaction among my peers, friends, and family to the first few exercises was instantaneous and enthusiastic: I knew I had no choice but to see this through to the end.

Although there is a certain sequence to these pages, it is perfectly allowable to read the exercises in random order. Nor is there any requirement to read every comic in one sitting (or ever). Your first dive into these pages will make you want to come back from time to time in order to browse through the book, look up a favorite comic, or show it to a friend, much as you would with a collection of poetry or drawings.

Can a story, however simple or mundane, be separated from the manner in which it is told? Is there an essential nugget from which all stylistic and physical characteristics can be stripped? What would that core look like? This book begins with a comic I named "Template" because it has the least overt manipulation of formal elements. Yet even a moment's consideration yields a series of questions: Why is it drawn in pen and not with a brush? Why is it told in eight panels and how were they chosen? The style is not "cartoony," yet it is not quite "realistic"—Why? Suddenly it's clear that what appear to be merely "stylistic" choices are in fact an essential part of the story. In reading these comics you have the opportunity to question the effects that ways of telling have on what is being told, and, just as important, to enjoy the rich variety of approaches available to the artist, in comics and in other media.

Rather than rehashing the eternal battle between form and content, style and substance, I hope this work questions those tired dichotomies and suggests a different model: form *as* content, and substance inseparable from style.

—Matt Madden



I was working at the computer...



and I got up to get something out of the fridge.



I went into the dining room.



From up in the studio, Jessica asked me what time it was.



I told her it was around one...



I heard her say thanks from upstairs.

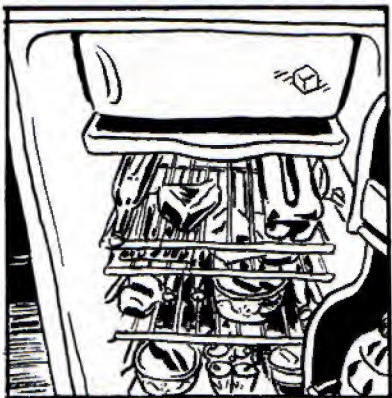
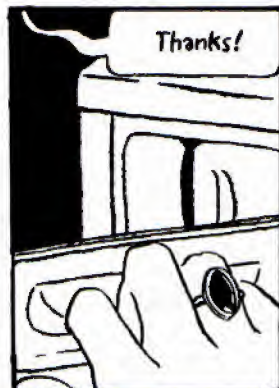
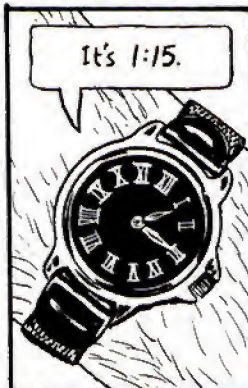
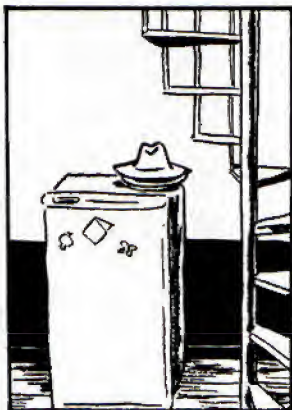
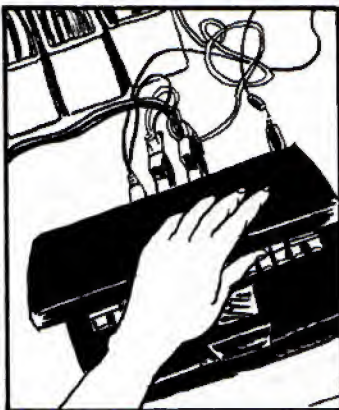
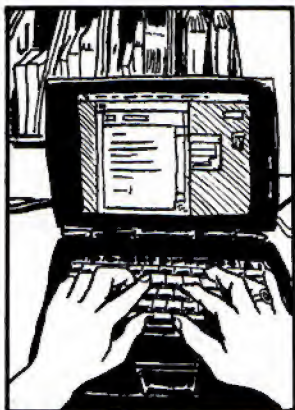


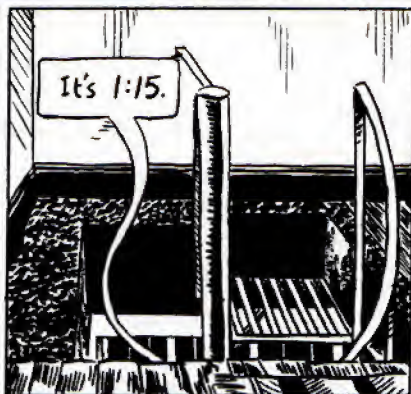
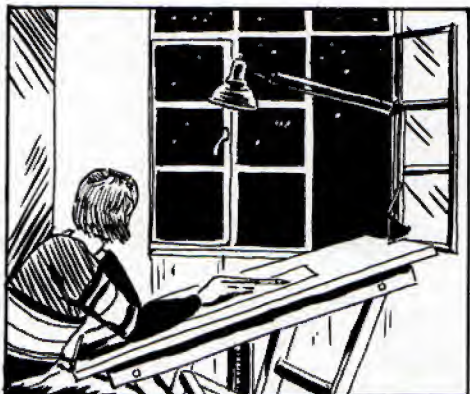
I guess I got distracted because when I opened the refrigerator door ...



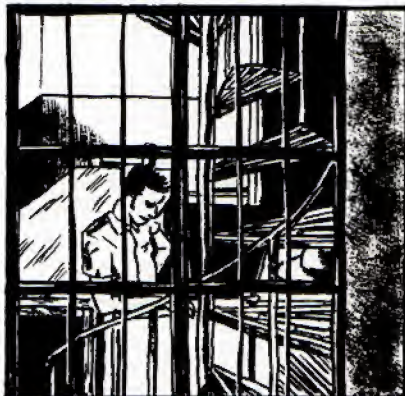
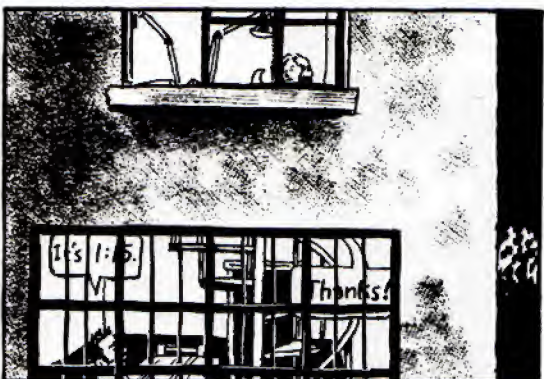
I couldn't for the life of me remember what I had come looking for!











TAPPITY-
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAPPY-
TAP

squeak
CLICK.

SCRAPE!

STEP
STEP
STEP

What time
is it?

STEP

It's 1:15.

tik
tik
tik
tik
tik
tik

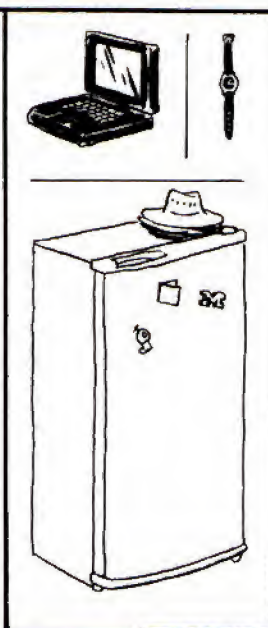
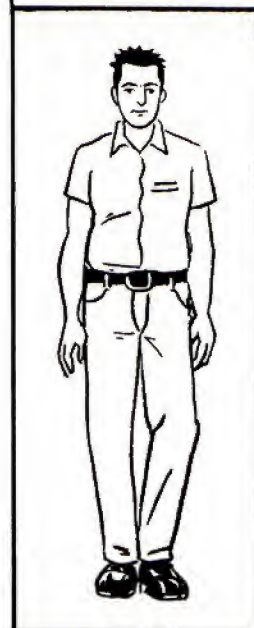
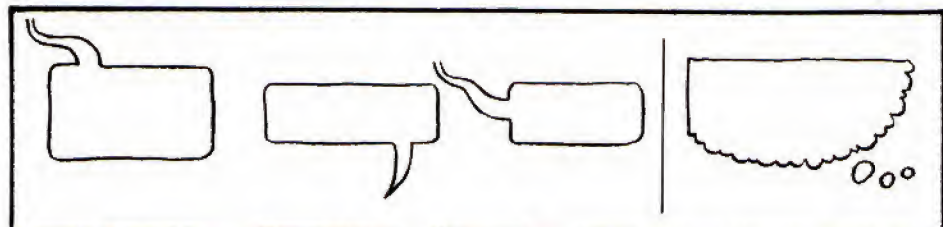
Thanks!

THUP!

≡CREEEAK≡

h u m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m



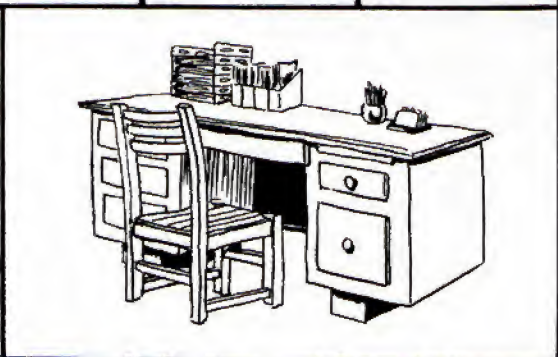
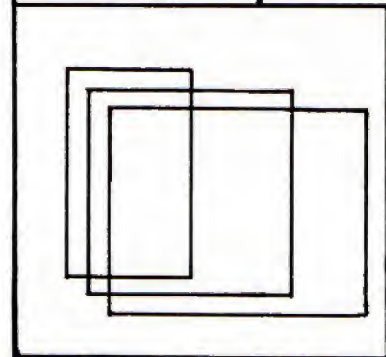


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I T W

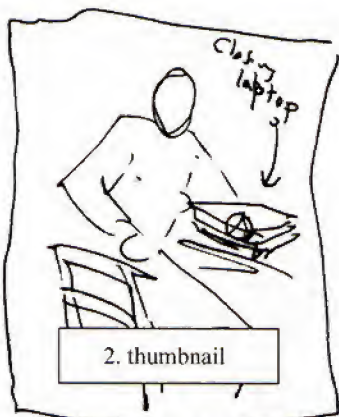


Exercises in Style

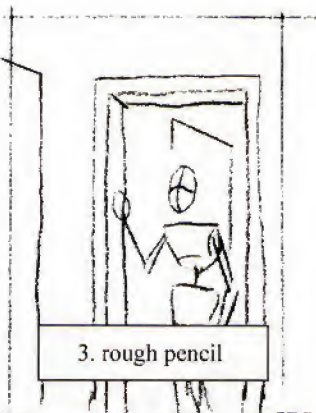
panel 1:
M working at computer
viewed from behind.

panel 2:
M gets up from comput
shuts laptop

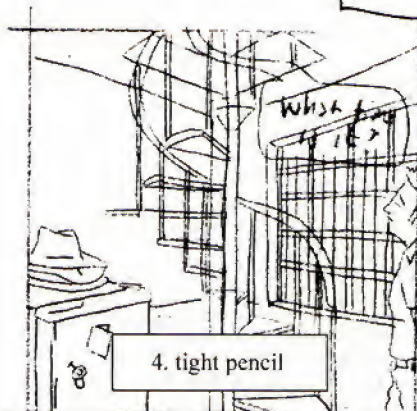
1. script



2. thumbnail



3. rough pencil



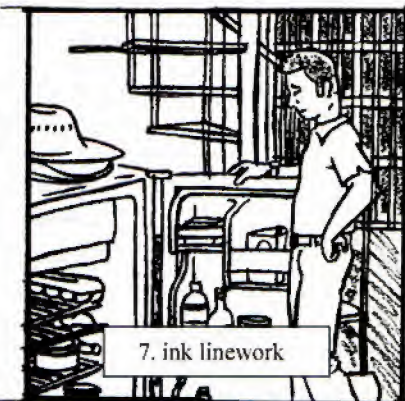
4. tight pencil



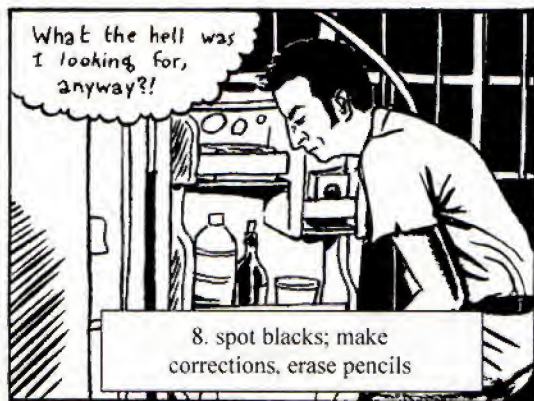
5. pencil
lettering



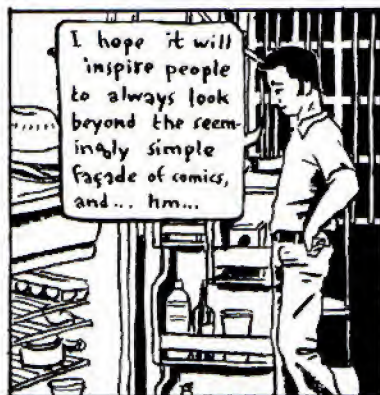
6. ink
lettering



7. ink linework

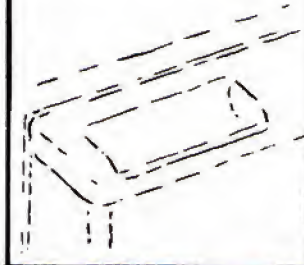


8. spot blacks; make
corrections, erase pencils





Some vague need had spurred him to get up from his computer.



He went into the dining room, obscurely confident he would remember his goal when he saw it.



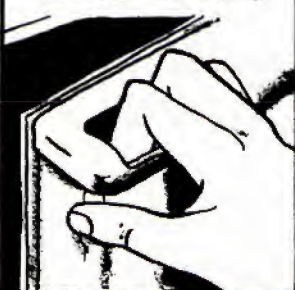
He was grabbing the refrigerator door, breaking the mild resistance of the vacuum seal.



He has opened the refrigerator door.



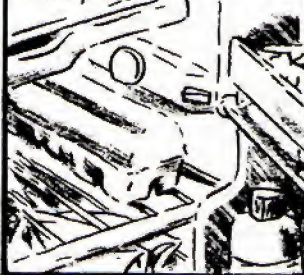
He forms a mental image of what he last saw in there.



He is noticing the familiar ice cube decal.



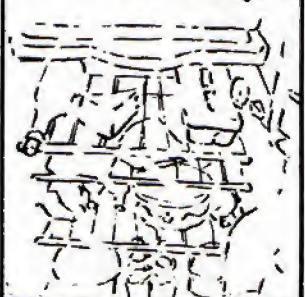
He will see that the butter and eggs are in the same place as always.



He will be scanning the contents of the refrigerator...



He will not have remembered what the hell he was looking for.



It all started with a simple question...



"It was in our apartment in Mexico City, back in '98."



"I had gotten up from my desk to get... something. Something."



"And then Jessica, who was upstairs drawing, she asks me:



It's 1:15.



"Around that time I could tell something wasn't quite right."

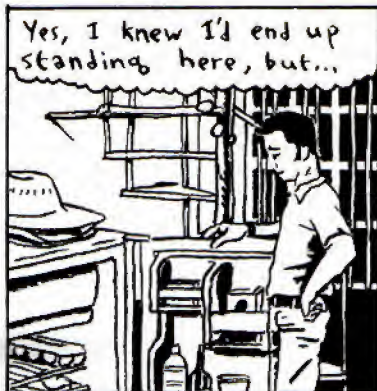


"And I just stood there at that refrigerator and it's like I could see my life unravelling in front of me..."



And to this day I still don't know what the hell I was looking for...





I remember that evening vividly—and, contrary to what you may have read elsewhere...



I was in complete control of my will and desires!



I strode purposefully into the dining room.



Insidious forces conspired to keep me from my fortunes...



What time is it?

I offered them only disdain.



It's 1:15.

I paid no heed to their feeble bids to distract me.



Thanks!

And when I reached my goal I stood for a moment, soaking in my glory:

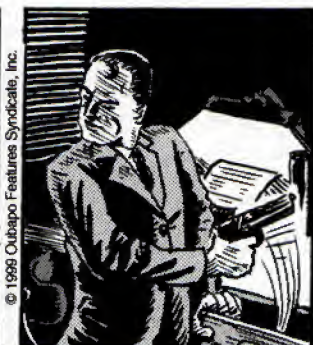


I knew exactly what I was looking for!



MacHinery, P.I.

By Clint Smith



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4-3

Life with Biggie

By Brube



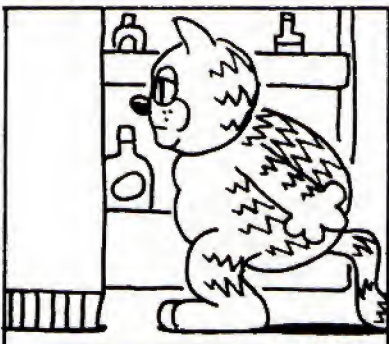
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3m

4-8

Poopsie the Cat

By MUGS



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MUGS

4-3

TIME TO
WORK!

THE
BOSS

WHAT THE HELL
WAS I LOOKING
FOR, ANYWAY?

FALSE
PROMISE
OF
MATERIAL
WEALTH

ICE

BUTTER

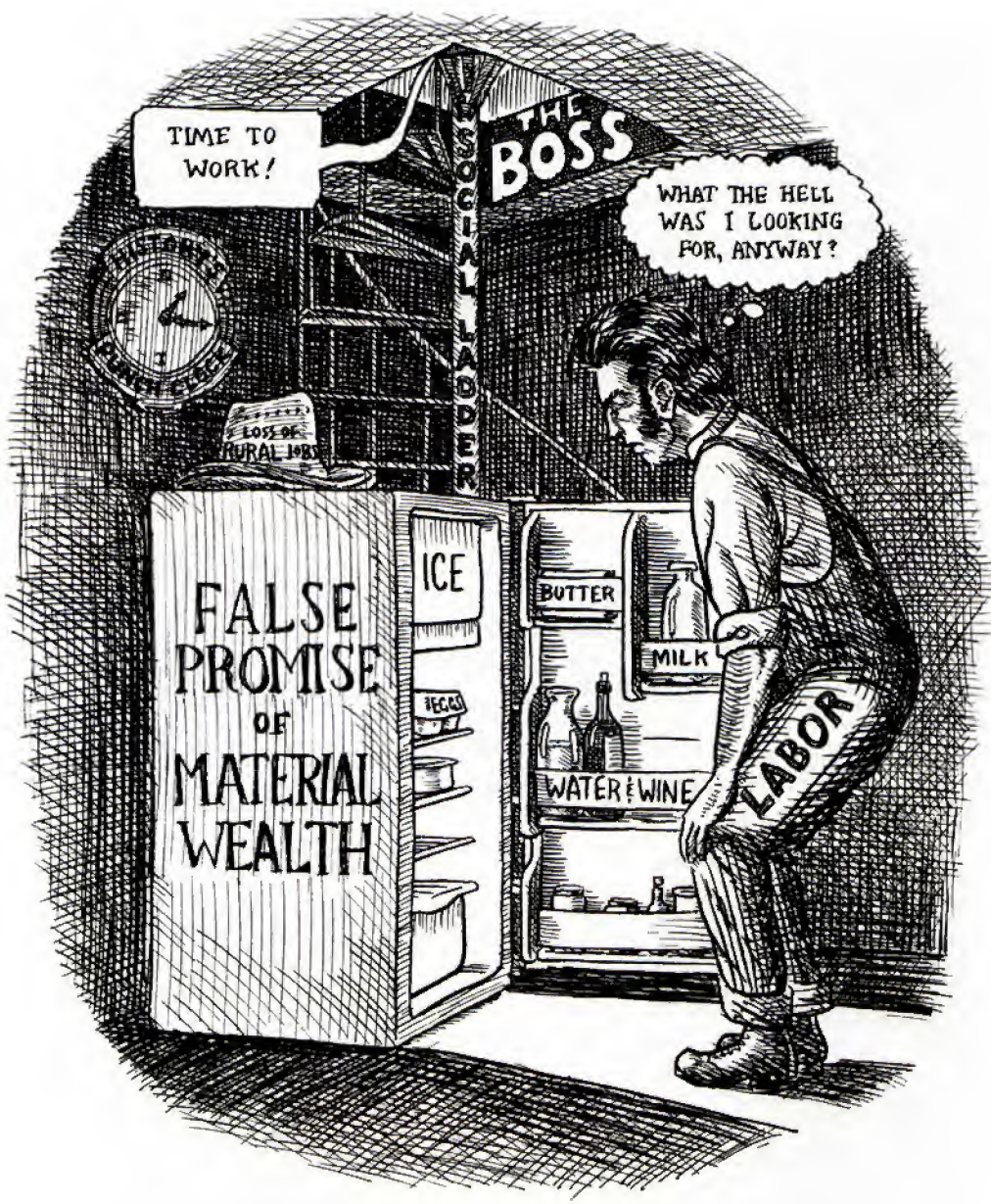
MILK

WATER & WINE

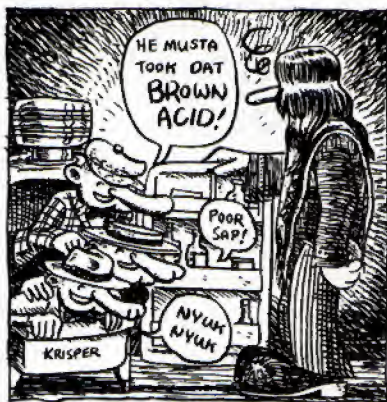
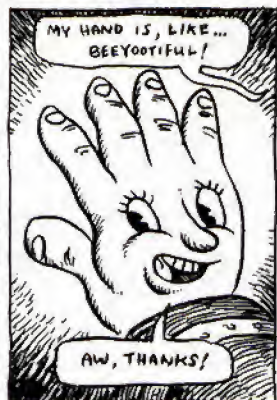
LABOR

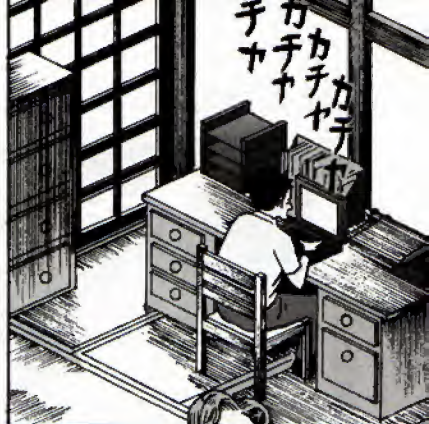
SOCIAL LADDER

LOSS OF
MATERIAL WEALTH

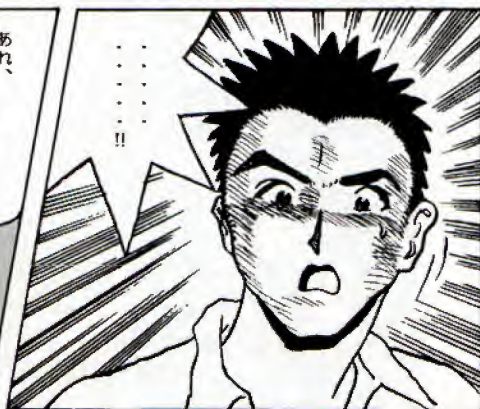
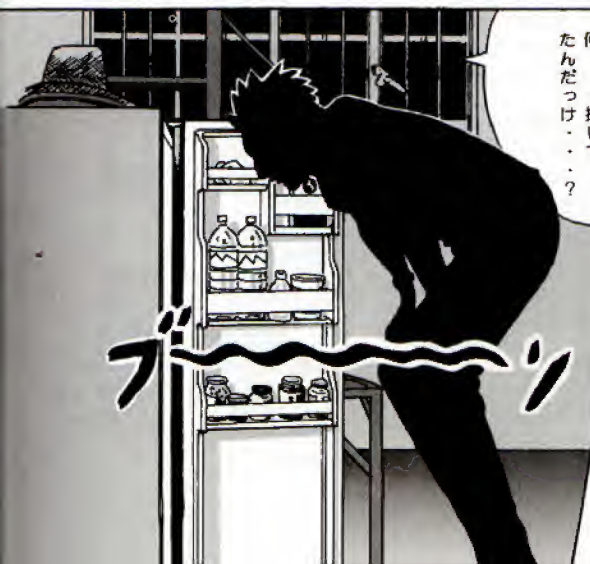
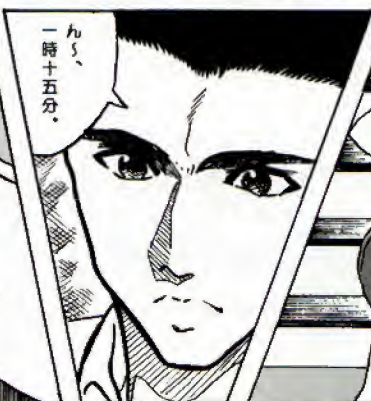








サンキュー!



NORTHERN FRONT, 0109 HOURS.
I'M HEADING BEHIND ENEMY
LINES ON A CLANDESTINE
SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION.



OUR CIVILIAN MOLE IS WAITING
ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE
LAST HOUSE ON "INFERNO ALLEY."



ONCE I GET HIS COUNTER-
SIGN, I'M SUPPOSED TO OPEN
FIRE--ON WHAT OR WHOM
I DO NOT KNOW.



YESTERDAY I ACCEPTED AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM **BRADLEY BENTON**, BRANCH MANAGER FOR THE ENTIRE EASTERN DIVISION!



I WAS THROUGH WITH THOSE WILD TYPES I USED TO DATE -- AND THE DAMAGE THEY DID TO MY REPUTATION...



TONIGHT I WAS GOING TO MEET **BRADLEY'S** PARENTS -- MY FUTURE IN-LAWS!



THEN SUDDENLY A HUSKY, MASCULINE VOICE PENETRATED MY INNOCENT BLISS...



I COULD FEEL MY HEART BEGINNING TO BEAT IN EXCITED, CONFUSED PALPITATIONS...



NO! I PROMISED MYSELF TO **BRADLEY BENTON**!

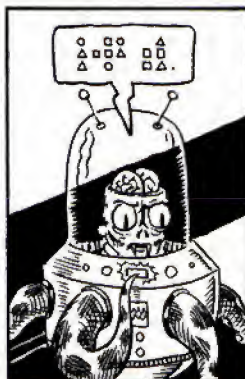
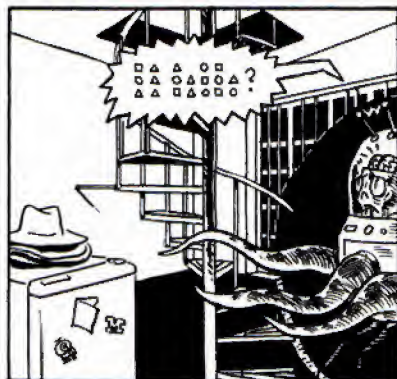
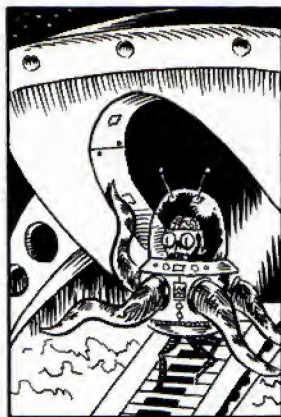
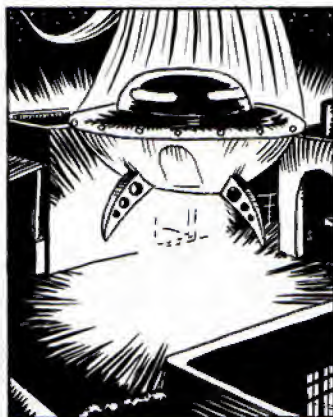
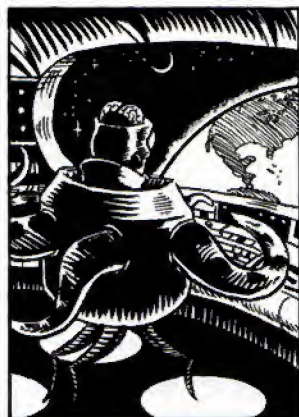


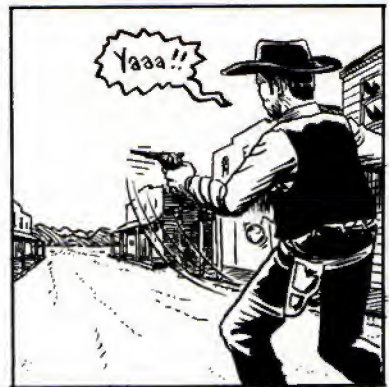
AND YET THE STRANGER'S THANKS PIERCED ME LIKE ARROWS LACED WITH SOME STRANGE ELIXIR!

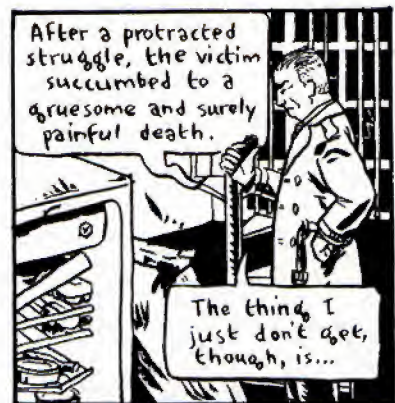
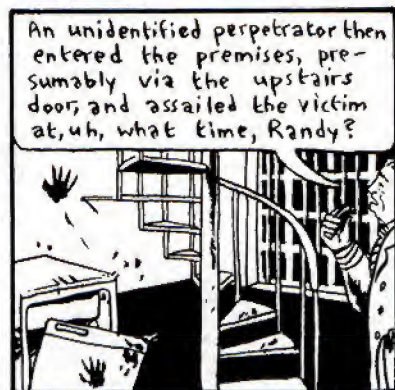


WHAT THE HELL WAS I LOOKING FOR, ANYWAY?

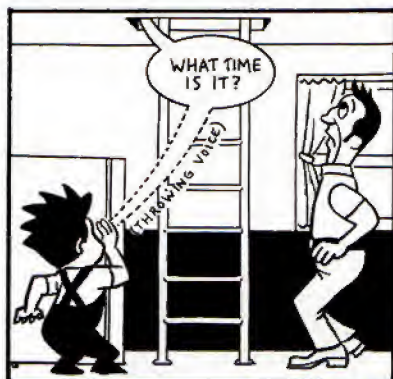








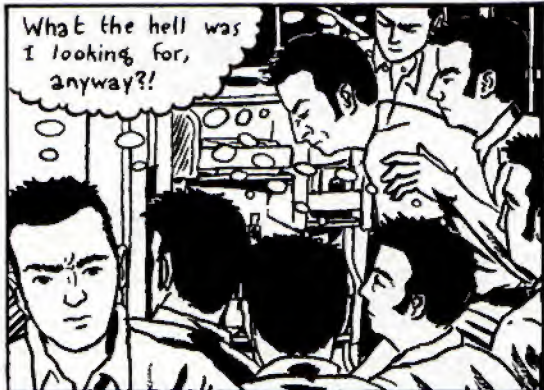
**BABY
NOO** IN:
**"Snack
Time?"**

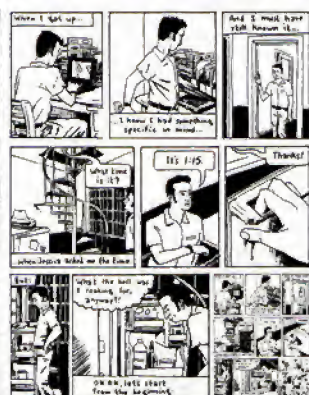


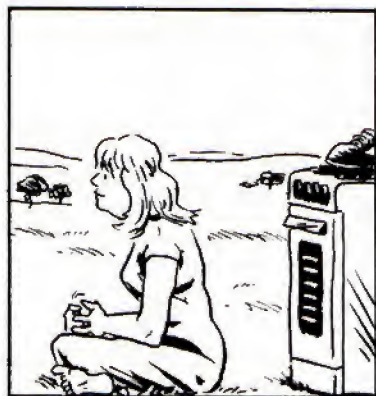
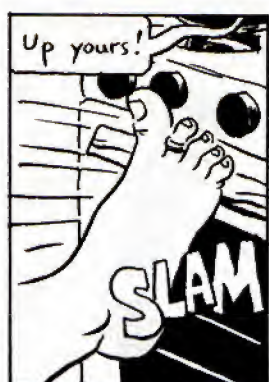


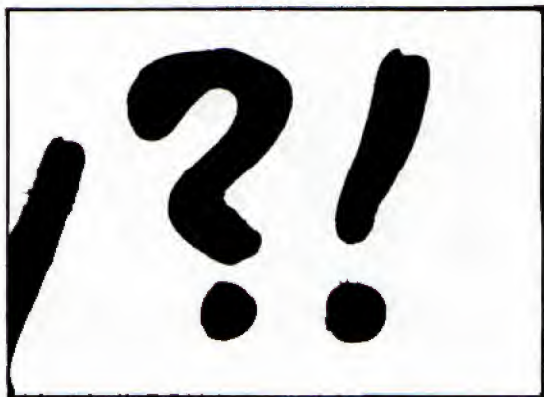


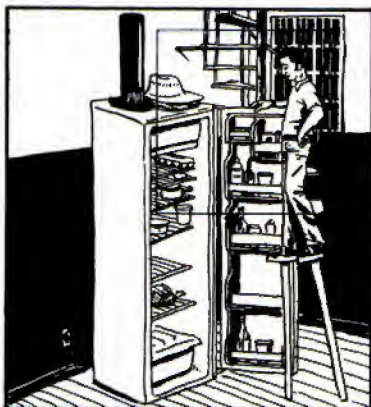
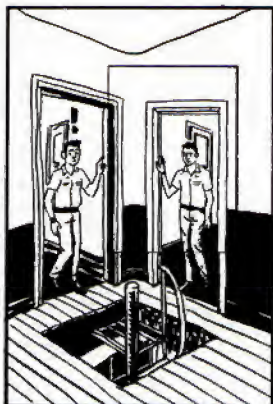
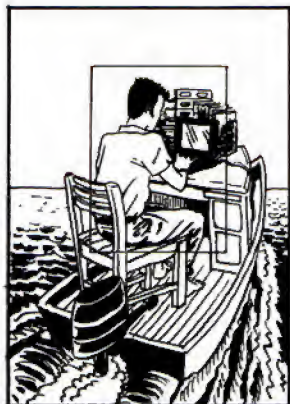






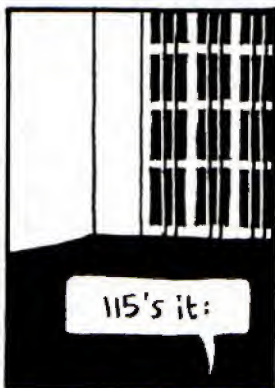














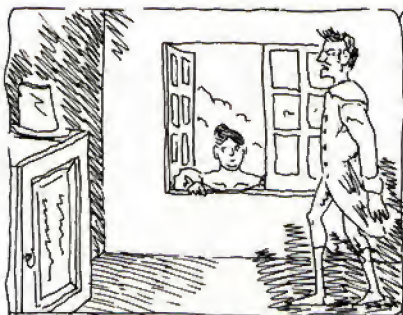
Matthew Muddlehead is aroused from his studies by a certain Notion.



He puts his papers in order and prepares to attend to his Notion.



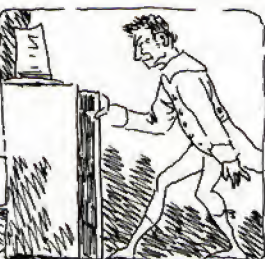
Matthew Muddlehead navigates his apartment.



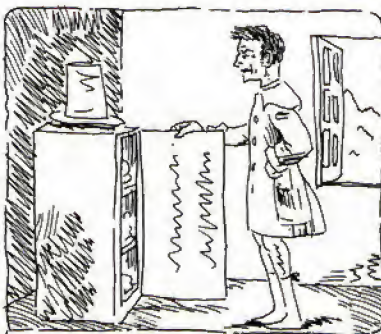
Matthew Muddlehead's ladye-love asks him for the time.



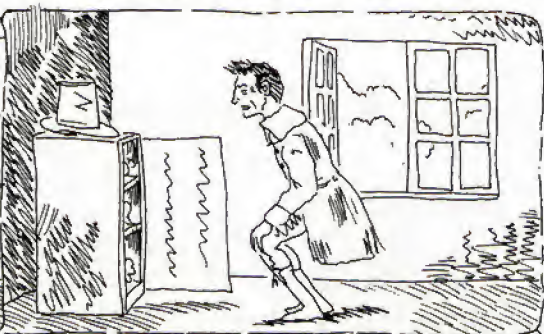
He happily obliges, consulting his expensive Swiss timepiece.



Matthew Muddlehead has not yet realized that this simple distraction will engender quite a conundrum!



Matthew Muddlehead is fairly certain his Notion involved looking in the cupboard.



Yet he finds that he can no longer remember what the Hell he was looking for, anyway!



HAW HAW HELLO THERE KIDDIES, IT'S THE **STYLE KEEPER** AGAIN, WITH A LITTLE TALE TO **TERRORIZE YOU TOTALLY** AND **FRIGHTEN YOU FORMALLY!!!** I LIKE TO CALL THIS ONE:

EXORCISE in STYLE!



YOUNG MATT MADDEN WAS CHANNELING HIS **OUIJA BOARD** ONE DARK NIGHT WHEN HE WAS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY A **DREAD FOREBODING!!** HE FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE URGE PULLING HIM AWAY FROM HIS DESK...

AN **UNKNOWN FORCE** WAS DRAWING HIM... **INEXORABLY...**



...TO THE REFRIGERATOR!!



AS HE PASSED THE WINDING OLD STAIRCASE HE HAD NEVER DARED TO CLIMB, A **HORRIFYING VOICE** CALLED OUT TO HIM...



WHAT TIME IS IT?

CRAZED WITH FEAR, YOUNG MATT COULDN'T HELP BUT DO THE **SHE-DEMON'S** AWFUL BIDDING!!



IT'S 1:15!

AS THE **BANSHEE'S** VOICE RECED ED INTO THE **BOWELS** OF THE BUILDING, MATT SLOWLY OPENED THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR!!!



THANKS! EH... EH... EH... EH...

THE OLD DOOR CREAKED MALICIOUSLY, LIKE A **CREATURE** OF EVIL INTENT...



A **VORTEX** OF PANIC CONSUMED MATT'S INNERMOST SOUL AS HE LET OUT A SCREAM.



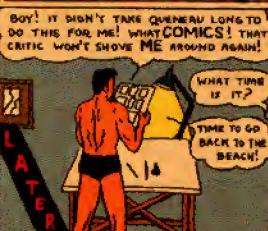
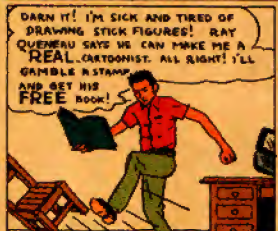
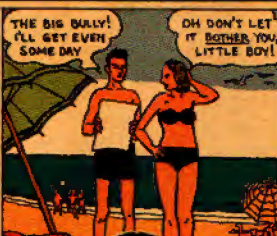
DEAR GOD! I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!!

WELL, I HOPE YOU LIKED TONIGHT'S EXPERIMENT IN **TERROR**, GHOULS AND BOILS! TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR ANOTHER **FIENDISH FORAY** INTO FORMAL **FUN** AND **STYLISH SNEAK-NESS**, HAW! HAW! HAW!



AN EXERCISE
IN STYLE

THE EXERCISE THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MATT"



Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the Apros walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of drawing soft, frail, spindly or messy —only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "fanboy." And I was so ashamed of my feeble comics that I dreaded being published in a fanzine.

The Secret of How I Got My Style

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my comics fast. It worked wonders for me —changed me from the scrawny "fanboy" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfect Cartoonist." And I can build up YOUR comics the very same natural way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice—in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic-Constraint" method has already helped thousands of

other fellows become real ink studs in double-quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year —but RIGHT NOW!

"Dynamic-Constraint" Builds Comics FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned style you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Euro" type of drawing style that women rave about at comics conventions —the kind that makes other fellows green with envy.

Mail Coupon Now for My 32-Page Illustrated Book

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a copy of my 32-page book, "Exercises in Style." Tells you how and why my method works; shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW. RAY QUENEAU, Dept. 3338 115 E. 23rd St., Kew-Forest, N.Y. 10019.



5 FREE GIFTS

If you fill in, and send this to my company, you will also get these five valuable valuable bonuses.



RAY QUENEAU, Dept. 3338
115 E. 23rd St., Kew-Forest, N.Y. 10019

Dear Ray Queneau: Here's the kind of Comics I Want:

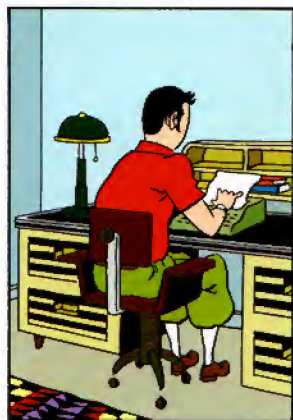
(Check as many as you like)

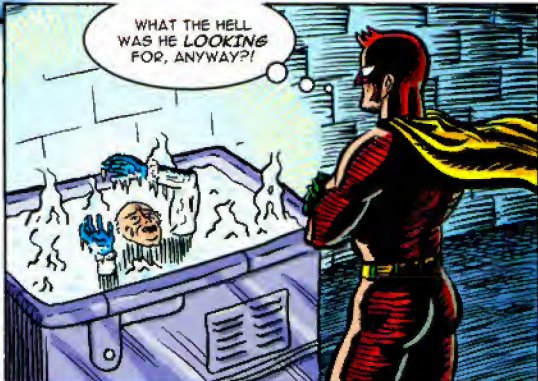
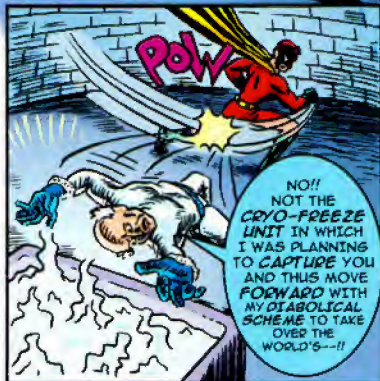
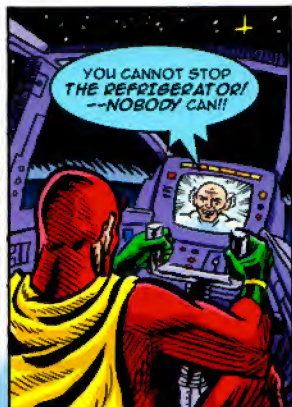
Templates
Subjective
Pencil
Pencil Formulas

Monologues
Upstairs
Sound FX
Exercise in Style

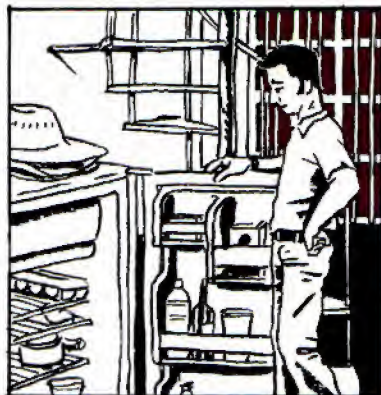
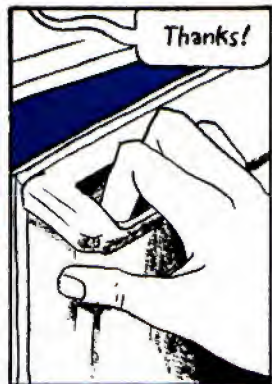
I enclose 10c. Please send me a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Constraint" can make me a new cartoonist. 154 pages, crammed with comics, answers to vital making questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

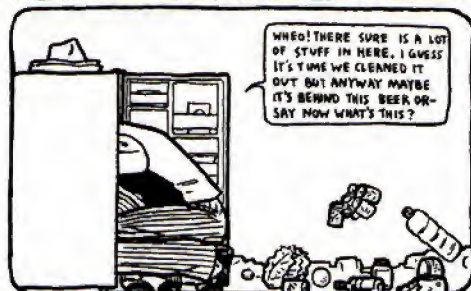
Print Name Age
Address
City & State Zip
In England: Ray Queneau, 21 North St., London, W1

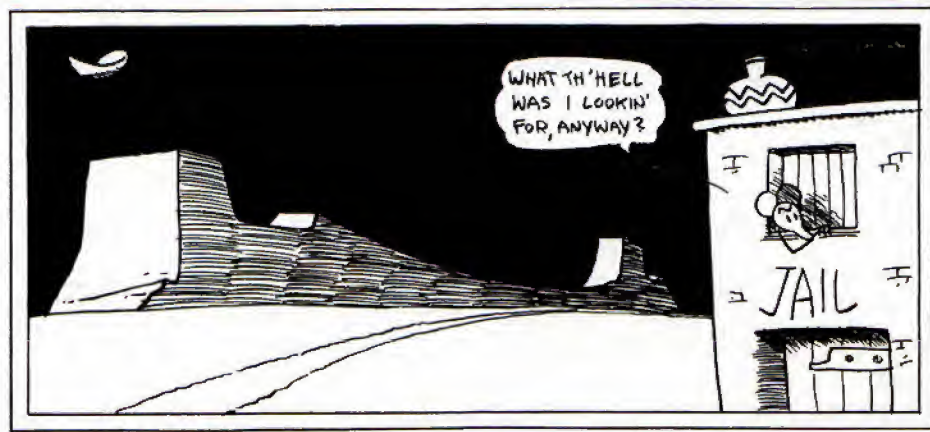
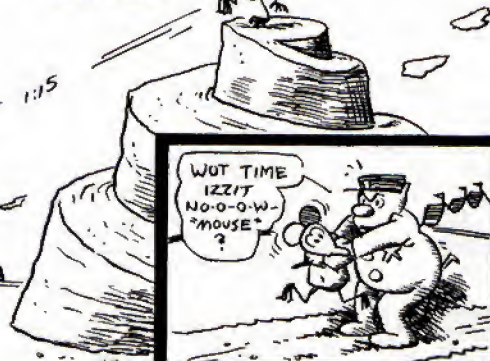
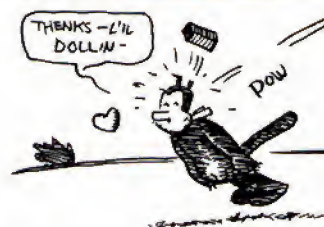
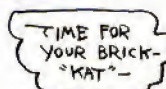


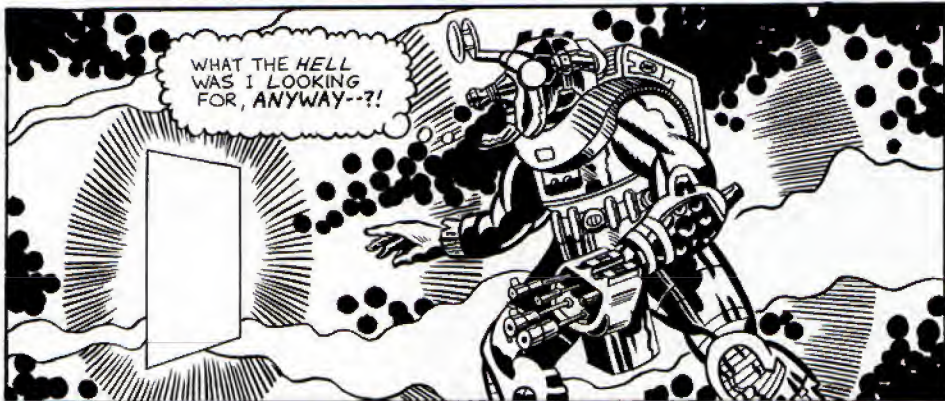
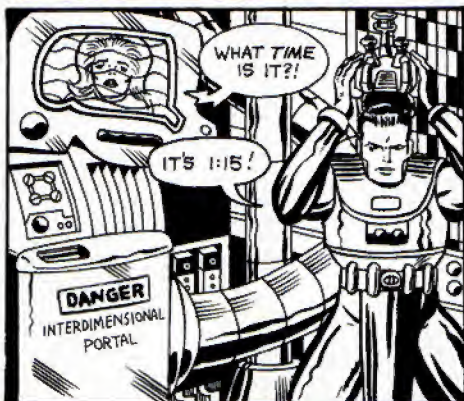
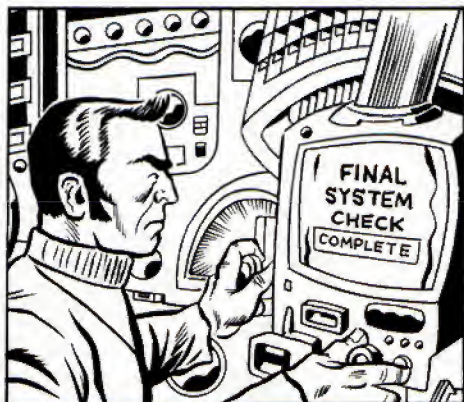














1. *MOMENT-TO-MOMENT*



2. *ACTION-TO-ACTION*



3. *SUBJECT-TO-SUBJECT*



4. *SCENE-TO-SCENE*

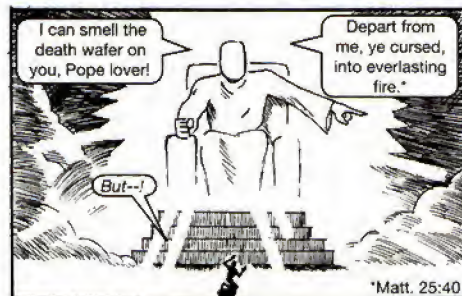
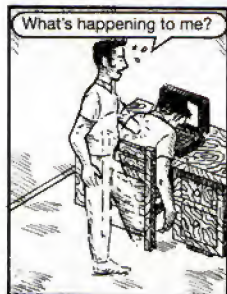
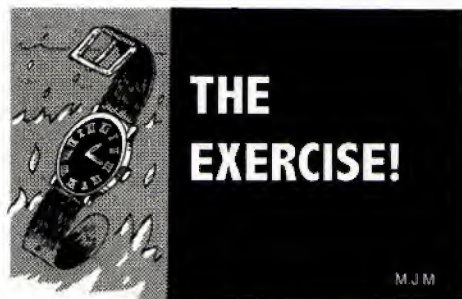


5. *ASPECT-TO-ASPECT*



6. *NON-SEQUITUR*







What time is it?



It's 1:15.

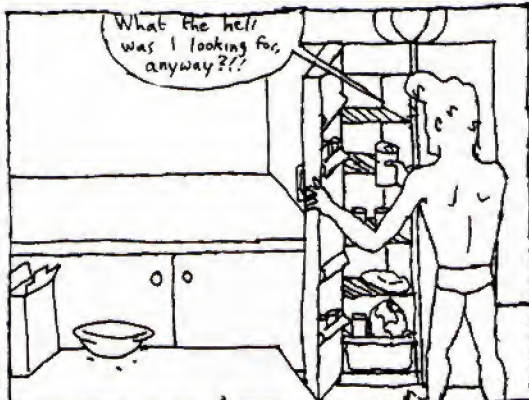


Thanks!



GNMXV
SSKT!

ARR



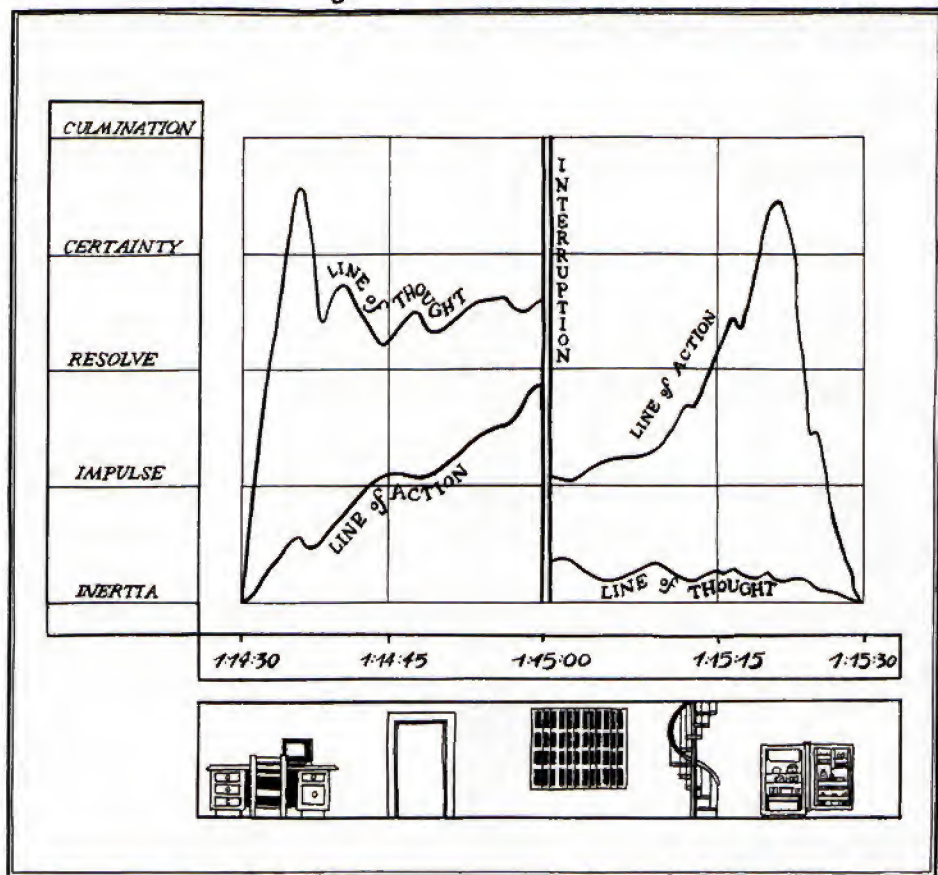
What the hell
was I looking for,
anyway?!!

(David Mazzucchelli; Ben Katchor; Chester Brown;
Marc-Antoine Mathieu; Daniel Clowes; Art Spiegelman;
Julie Doucet; Gary Panter)



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*CHART Representing the EFFECT of an INTERRUPTION
on a THOUGHT/ACTION Process as It Moves
Through SPACE and TIME*



WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF:

EXERCISES IN STYLE

1

REMAIN
CALM



2

TURN
OFF
POWER
SOURCES



3

MOVE
TOWARDS
A SAFE
ZONE



4

DO NOT
USE
ELEVATORS



5

DETERMINE
THE
TIME



6

CAREFULLY
OPEN
REFRIGERATOR
DOOR



7

STUDY
CONTENTS
OF
REFRIGERATOR



8

REMEMBER
WHAT
THE HELL
YOU WERE
LOOKING
FOR





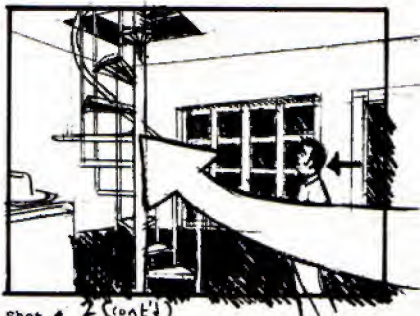
Shot # 1

DOLLY BACK slightly as MATT rises and closes LAPTOP.



Shot # 2

MED. SHOT of MATT coming through DOORWAY. PAN LEFT as he moves into DINING ROOM.



Shot # 2 (cont'd)

PAN LEFT and DOLLY up STAIRCASE.

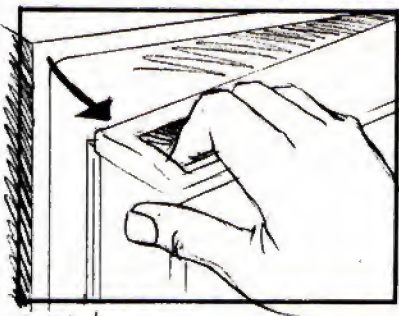
JESSICA (off)
What time is it?



Shot # 3

CLOSE UP of MATT looking at WATCH.

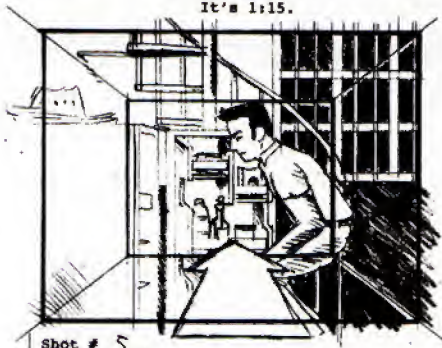
MATT
It's 1:15.



Shot # 4

EXTREME CLOSE UP of MATT'S HAND opening REFRIGERATOR DOOR.

JESSICA (off)
Thanks!



Shot # 5

Slow ZOOM/DOLLY into MATT as he realizes he can't remember what the hell he was looking for anyway.
FADE TO BLACK.

LAPTOP COMPUTERS

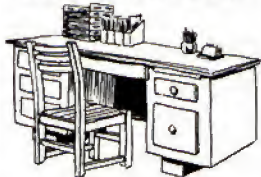
at factory prices



RAM GB MhZ and all that stuff!

Lagunilla

hand-made wooden furniture



Made in Mexico
(accessories not included)

Raymond's

discount
fashions
for men



since 1968

Caracoles

Spiral Staircases



solid steel
construction

free
installation

What Time Is It?

Don't Get Caught without a Watch!



International Designs
at Wholesale Prices

Nice Hands?

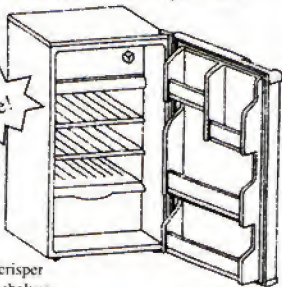


You May Have a Future
as a Hand Model

advertising*instructional*literature*television
Modern Hand Model Academy

Stellar Appliances

deluxe compact refrigerators



on sale!

- ice box
- vegetable crisper
- adjustable shelves

Can't Remember What the Hell You Were Looking For?

Regression Hypnosis Therapy

Recover lost or repressed memories
It's time to move on with your life!



Madame Jessica Clinic

in
mid-click a synapse
fires somewhere causing me to
abruptly put my work to sleep. You
interrupt me en route wanting to
know how long you have
been procrastinating. I
oblige happily
after a quick
comparison
of big and
small.

However,
when I open
and peer
inside the
refrigerator
door I find I
can no longer
remember
what the
hell I was
looking
for,

any-
way.

(IT'S)

A
MAN
,

A

PLAN
:

(A CANAL?)

NO, OF
COURSE
NOT!

IT'S—

"What
time
is it?"

(huh?)

TICK

IT'S 1:15.

TOCK

"Thanks."

IT'S NO
HAY DE
NIGHTS.

IT'S

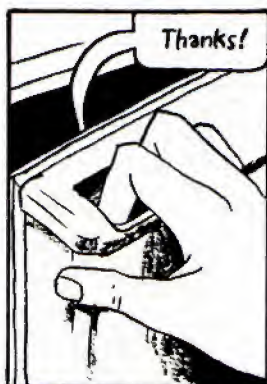
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK

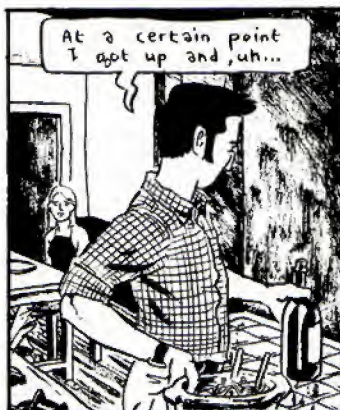
IT'S

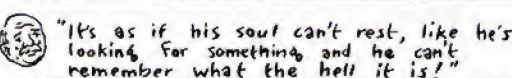
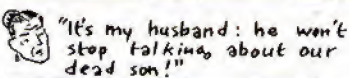
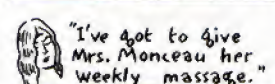
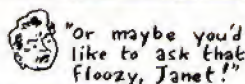
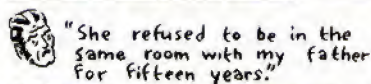
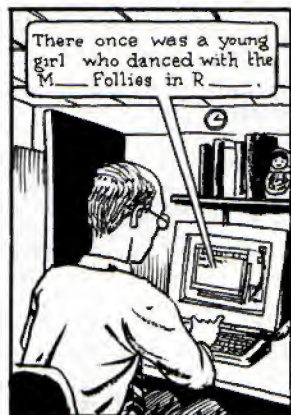
IT'S

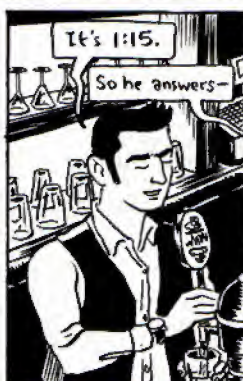
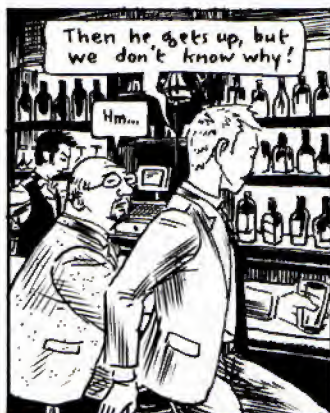
IT'S

WHAT THE HELL
WAS I LOOKING
FOR, ANYWAY?!









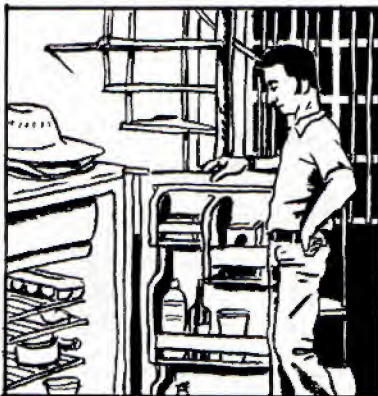




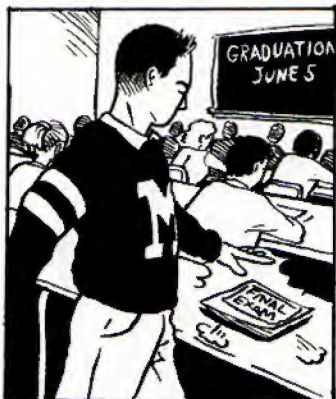
What time
is it?

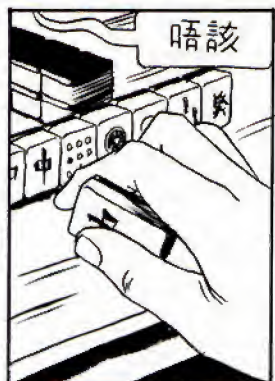


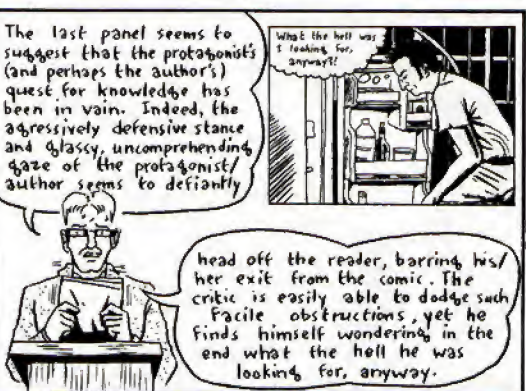
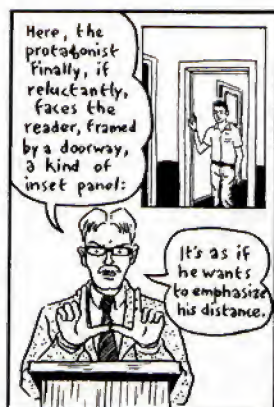
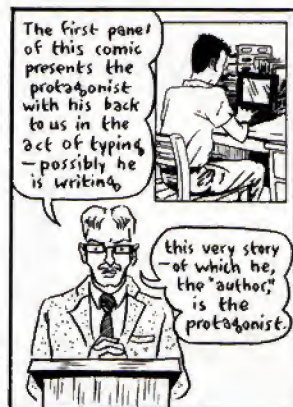
It's 1:15.

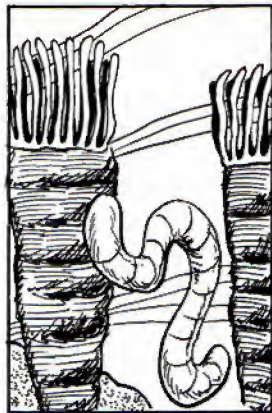


What the hell was
I looking for,
anyway?!









And God said, let there be light, and there was light.



And God said, let there be a firmament, and it was so.



And God created the Earth and the seas and saw that it was good.



And God said let there be lights to divide the days, hours, and minutes, that the time might be known.



And God filled the waters and the earth with creatures, and it was 1:15 on the fifth day.



And God created man in His own image.



And on the seventh day He rested from all His work which He had made.



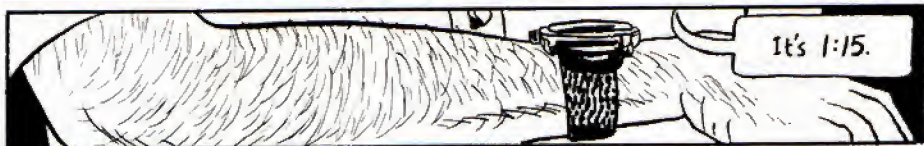
Yet on the eighth day, He did wonder what the hell He was looking for, anyway...



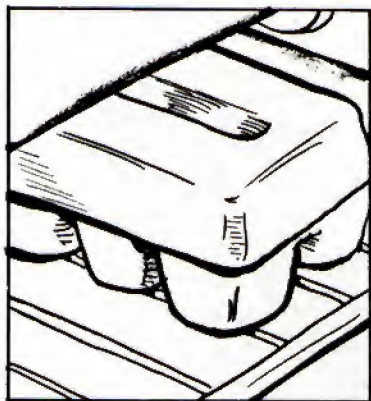


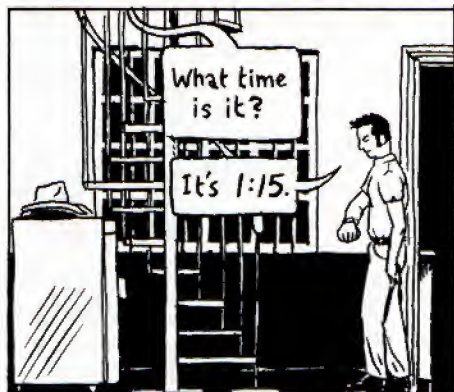
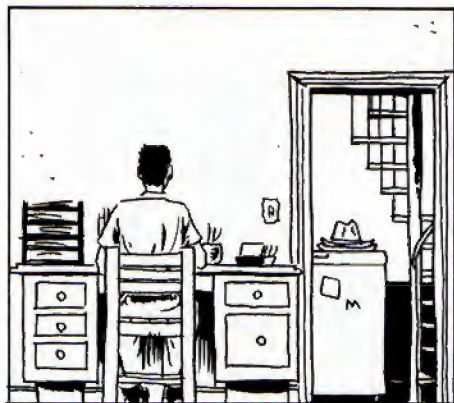


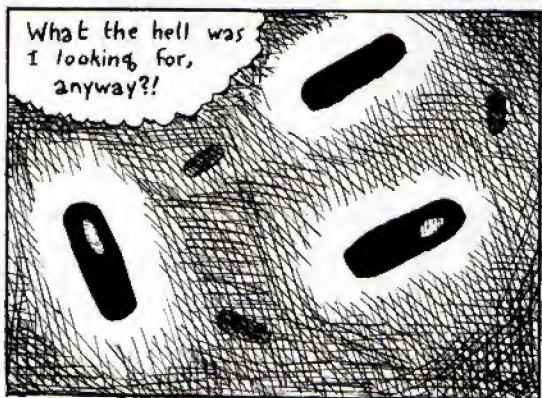
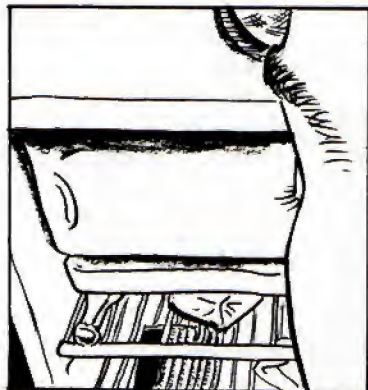


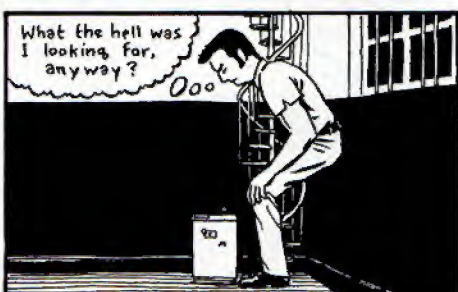




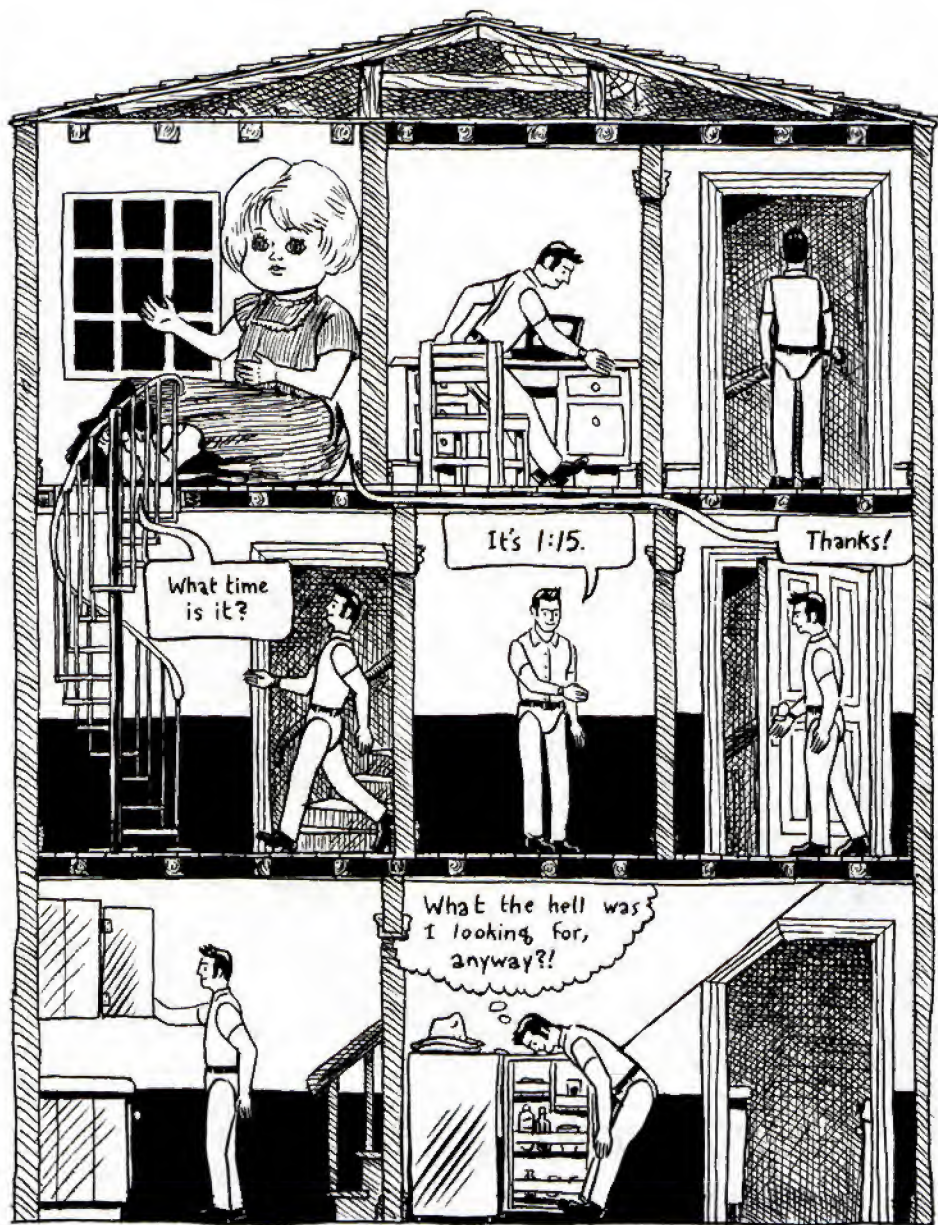














Matt Madden was working at his computer late one evening, in Mexico City, Mexico.



Suddenly a notion occurred to him, one of those vague impulses one acts on before it has even fully formed.

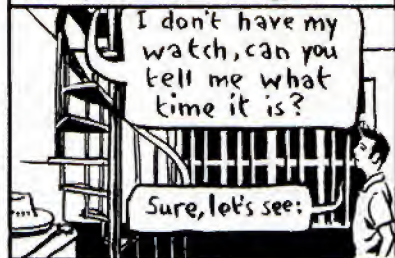


He put his computer to sleep and got up out of his chair.

He walked into the dining room, where, for lack of space in the kitchen, they kept the refrigerator.



Matt's girlfriend Jessica called down from upstairs at that instant to ask what time it was.



Matt looked at the big hand and then at the little hand and then declared that it was 1:15 AM.



Jessica said thanks from upstairs in the studio, where she was working on her next comic.



At this moment something odd happened or rather revealed itself to have already happened: Matt stood at the refrigerator, studying its contents and trying to recall why he was standing there.



Matt leaned forward, his hands clasping his knees, and furrowed his brow, perplexed, as he tried in vain to recall what he had come looking for. Yet he found that no matter how he tried he could no longer remember what the hell he was looking for.

What the hell was I looking for anyway?

It didn't make sense: how could he have forgotten something he had clear in his mind just seconds earlier? Still, however much he racked his brains trying to recall the forgotten item (was it even in the refrigerator? maybe it was upstairs in the studio?) he



What time
is it?



It's 1:15.

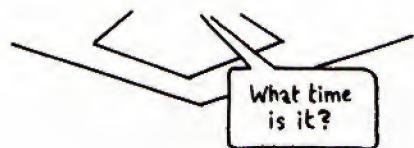


Thanks!



What the hell was
I looking for,
anyway?!





What time
is it?

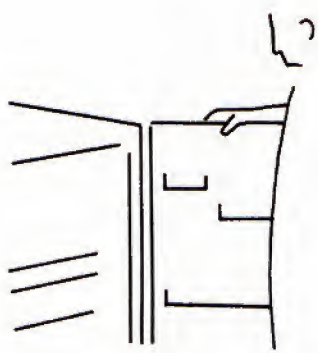
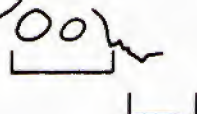
It's 1:15.

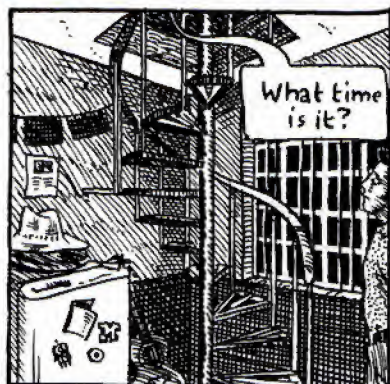
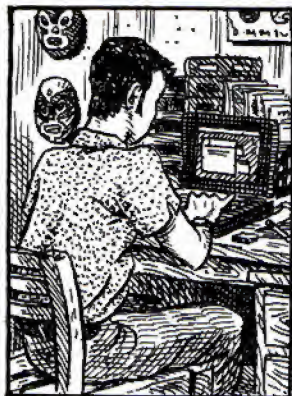


Thanks!



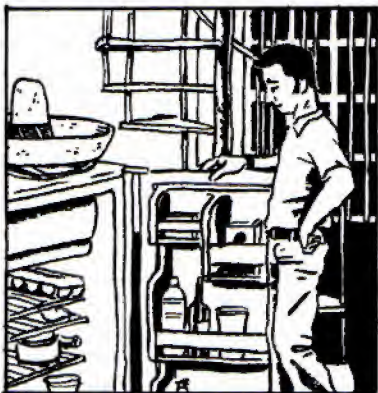
What the hell was
I looking for,
anyway?!





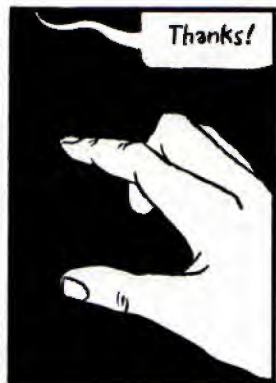


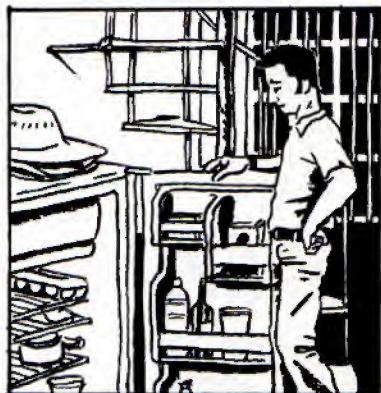














Notes on Some
of the Exercises

Emanata (p.17):

This neologism is used by many cartoonists to describe the motion lines, flying sweat beads, and stars that are so characteristic of comics. The word was coined by cartoonist Mort Walker (b. 1923) in his *Lexicon of Comicana*, a tongue-in-cheek taxonomy which gives individual names to all sorts of marks and squiggles that have specific meaning in comics. “emanata” is actually intended as just one of these words—denoting squiggly lines that emanate from the head and end with musical notes (for whistling), hearts (for people in love) and so on—but it has been adopted by many cartoonists as the generic term, instead of Walker’s own “comicana.”

Photocomic (p.39):

The photocomic (also referred to as a *fumetto* or *fotonovela*) has never had a large presence in the United States, but in Europe and Latin America it has a long history as a source of pulpy, murkily printed soap operas and masked wrestler adventures.

Manga (p. 43):

Manga is Japanese for “comic.” Note that, being a Japanese version, this comic reads from right to left! The translation and sound effects were done by my friend Tomofusa Sato. Here’s how to read the sound effects: Panel 1: Kacha Kacha; Panel 2: Patan; Panel 3: Zap; Panel 6: Kata; Panel 8: Booon.

Furry (p.59):

Anthropomorphism has a long and rich history in comics, from Mickey to Maus. This

comic has a little fun with the subgenre/subculture known as “furries.” (Look in any internet search engine for more information than you could possibly care to have.)

Anagrams (p.77, 79):

An anagram is a word or phrase whose letters are rearranged to form a new phrase or word. “Anagram I” rearranges the panels and the words within their corresponding balloons, while “Anagram II” rearranges every individual element of the comic: letters, panel borders, objects, and so on.

Rodolphe Töppfer (p.81):

Rodolphe Töppfer (1799–1846) was a Swiss educator and cartoonist considered by many to be the founder of the modern comic, based on a series of satirical pamphlets he published in the 1830s including *Histoire de M. Jabot* (1833) and *Les Amours de M. Vieuxbois* (1839). The latter book was published in an unauthorized English edition (as were many of his books) known as *The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck*.

A Newly Discovered Fragment of the Bayeux Tapestry (p.83):

The Bayeux Tapestry was made in the eleventh century to commemorate the Battle of Hastings (1066). It is often cited as a precursor to comics because of its “strip” form, its linear narrative continuity, and its combination of text and image.

What Happens When the Ice Truck Comes to Hogan's Alley (p.85):

"Hogan's Alley" was a newspaper cartoon created by Richard F. Outcault (1863–1928). It introduced one of the icons of the comics medium, the Yellow Kid, and was at the center of the infamous newspaper power struggles between William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer at the turn of the twentieth century.

Exorcise in Style (p.87):

This comic is a tribute to *Tales from the Crypt*, and more generally to the influential batch of lurid horror, science fiction, and other genre comics published by EC comics in the 1950s.

Dynamic Constraint (p.89):

Surely one of the most famous print advertising campaigns of all time, comics promoting the Charles Atlas bodybuilding course were a common feature of comics and magazines throughout the latter half of the twentieth century.

Ligne Claire (p.91):

Ligne claire or "clear line" is a term introduced by European comics critics in the 1970s to describe comics that emphasized a clean graphic style, clear storytelling, and flat colors. The originator of the style remains its best: the Belgian Georges Remi, aka Hergé (1907–1983), creator of *The Adventures of Tintin*.

Exercises of a Rarebit Fiend (p.99):

Winsor McCay (1869–1934) was an early cartoonist and animator, and the creator of "Little Nemo in Slumberland", "Gertie the Dinosaur," and "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend," which inspired this strip.

Esk Her Size end Style (p.101):

George Herriman (1880–1944) was the creator of *Krazy Kat*, widely acknowledged as one of the all-time high-water marks in comics, even though it was hardly read in its time.

Homage to Jack Kirby (p.103):

Jack "King" Kirby (1917–1994) is considered one of the all-time great comic book artists. He is perhaps best known as the co-creator of such superheroes as the Fantastic Four and Captain America.

Exercises in Closure (p.105):

This comic is a tribute to Scott McCloud's epochal *Understanding Comics* (Perennial Currents) and its most important contribution to the discussion of comics: the concept of "closure," referring to the connection the mind makes between two panels, allowing the creation of narrative meaning.

Cento (p.111):

A *cento* (pronounced "sento," from the Latin for "patchwork") is a poem made up entirely of lines quoted from another poet.

Two in One (p.113):

This comic fuses my story with the one Raymond Queneau used for the original prose *Exercises in Style* (available in English from New Directions).

Calligram (p.125):

A calligram is a poem where the body of the text is laid out in such a way as to create a silhouette-like image.

No Pictures (p.127):

This comic was inspired by the “comics mainly without pictures,” of poet Kenneth Koch (1925–2002), which fuse the languages of poetry and comics in novel ways. They were collected in a book called *The Art of the Possible* (Soft Skull Press).

Around the World (p.143):

The specific path this comic follows moves due east along roughly the 15th parallel north of the equator. The places visited are: Cuba, Cape Verde, Mali, Saudi Arabia, India, China (Hong Kong), Hawaii, and Mexico.

Things Are Queer (p.167):

This comic, a kind of perpetual zoom loop, was inspired by a series of photographs (from which I also borrowed the title) by Duane Michals (b. 1932), who has created many comics-like, multi-photo narrative sequences in his work.

Isometric Projection (p.169):

In an isometric projection all three faces are equally inclined to the drawing surface and parallel lines do not converge on a horizontal line.

What’s Wrong with This Comic? (p.189):

Panel 1: chair missing back slat; extra paper tray

Panel 2: no sideburn; no watch

Panel 3: no belt; watch on opposite hand

Panel 4: staircase flipped, magnets re-arranged

Panel 5: shirt pocket gone; no painted wainscoting

Panel 6: no ring finger; tail of word balloon moved

Panel 7: giant sombrero; no support bar on staircase

Panel 8: no wine bottle; no bannister

Different Text (p.191):

The text I substituted here is a paraphrase of a wonderful one page strip from the book *Jack Survives* by Jerry Moriarity (b. 1938) (Raw Books and Graphics).



Matt Madden started self-publishing minicomics in the early 1990s. He produced his first graphic novel, *Black Candy* (Black Eye Books) in 1998, and in 2001 published *Odds Off* (Highwater Books). Madden lives in Brooklyn with his wife, the author and cartoonist Jessica Abel. He works in comics and illustration, and teaches at both the School of Visual Arts and Yale University. His latest works appear in *A Fine Mess*, his bi-annual series published by Alternative Comics. You can learn more about him at www.mattmadden.com or www.exercisesinstyle.com.